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TWO PICTURES.

"OTHER seasons, other song-birds :
Other song-birds, other songs."

Friends, the legend you remember,
How of old, in days departed,
Wont were we to keep the fast-day
Called among us "of Atonement"

In the green and shady gardens
Round the city named "of palm-trees"
Stir of harp-strings, sound of trumpets,
Flow of sweet and youthful voices.

Girlish voices sweet are mingling,
Girlish voices flowing gaily,
Like the sound of silv'ry joy-bells
O'er the dewy flowers floating.

"Come, young men, come hither, hither!
(Hark the soft, caressing voices)
For the fairest are assembled
Here, of Jericho's fair daughters.

Slender as the waving palm-trees,
Fresh and scented as the roses,
All the sweetest, all the fairest
Of the city's virgin daughters.

Hither come, young men, come hither!
Come and choose your bride, but look not
On our youth and freshness only,
Rather seek more lasting beauty!

Youth must fade and charms will vanish,
Passing like the summer roses,
Goodness shall endure for ever,
Virtue nevermore shall perish.

Virtue, purity, affection,
Feelings delicate and noble,
These are still our best adorning,
These are still our richest dower."

Raven locks and snow-white dresses
Shine and flutter in the distance,
Now between the waving palm-fronds,
Now between the wreathèd flowers.

All are dressed alike, in simple
Linen robes, by one agreement,
And their dresses oft the maidens
Used to borrow one from other.

So that neither rich nor needy
There might be, no pride, no blushes—
Ancient days and ancient pictures,
Ah, already they have vanished! . . .

Other times and other people :
Other people, other pictures . . .
Brightly lighted is the spacious
Dancing-hall at the "Assembly."

In the bright and lofty ball-room
Gather, gather, for the "evening,"
All the fairest and the finest
Of the city's lovely daughters.

All the finest and the fairest
Of the city's youthful daughters,
Maids of Jericho and Hebron—
Of Berdichef and of Kovno.

Pretty Marya Pessachovitch,
Nastya Kaphon, Phrosia Lamech;
And the brilliant Isabella,
Isabella Lokschen-Zimmes.

Each and all are dressed and fitted
 In the very latest fashion ;
 And the little song they're singing,
 Is another altogether.

— Come, O bridegrooms, hither, hither,
 (Thus sing Marya, Nastya, Phrosia,
 And the brilliant Isabella,
 Isabella Lokschen-Zimmes.)

Come, come hither, hither, doctors,
 Advocates and engineers too,
 With cockades and with distinctions,
 Medals, ribbons, attestations !

Take, oh, take us all, have pity !
 Take us, snap us up ! for ready
 Are we each and all to follow—
 Up to Heav'n or down to Hades !

Take us, snap us up, and wrap us,
 Fold us up in silk and velvet,
 Buy us opera-stalls and boxes,
 Take, oh, take us masquerading !

Buy us hats that shall resemble
 Beds of flowers, shine and dazzle ;
 Geese and hens, in beak and feathers
 All complete, shall sit upon them !

Let our dresses be the smartest,
 Smarter than the other people's,
 Let our trains be still the longest,
 Our "tournures" of all the biggest.

And our ornaments and trimmings,
 Like the stars shall glance and sparkle,
 All our friends and our relations
 Shall be jealous when they see us

And—and so on, O my brothers,
Runs the little song—you know it!
Other times and other people :
Other people, other pictures.

Other names, and other hearts too,
All is changed and new, and diff'rent.
All? not all! one link is left us
With the days so long departed :

'Tis a detail! see, the dresses,
O my friend, the lovely dresses,
With the ornaments and flowers—
Hist! they're very often borrowed!

HOT AND COLD.

Good luck to you, Rachel! we all wish you joy :
The babe's a delight to behold!
He screams—(may God bless him, the beautiful boy!)
The first taste of life does not seem to enjoy.
Ah me, up in Heaven, poor child, it was light,
And warm and delightful and cheerful and bright,
And now—do you hear?
The wee thing is talking and whimpering, hark!
“O Mother, how cold is it here, and how dark . . .
I shiver and fear!”

The wheel goes on spinning,
It hums and it sings.
A day passes creeping,
A year, as on wings.

—Good day to you, Rabbi!
—Good day! and now look,
Your place is there waiting—sit down in it quick,
And give yourself body and soul to your book,
Or else—why, a taste of the stick!